

K THIMBLE'S FLIGHT

FROM HIS

SHOP-BOARD:

A COMIC PIECE, IN ONE ACT.

AS PERFORMED WITH

UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE,

AT THE

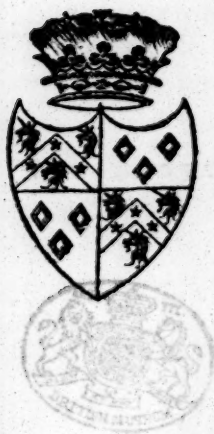
THEATRE-ROYAL, in the HAYMARKET,

On TUESDAY EVENING, *August 25th*, 1789.

BRIGHTHELMSTON:

PRINTED BY W. AND A. LEE.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.



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D E D I C A T I O N.

To a celebrated IMITATOR.

THE inimitable manner in which your imitative faculties have pourtrayed in general several respectable theatrical characters, to the amusement of the public and your own profit and reputation, has induced me to attempt a portrait of yourself; it being the first time I ever took pencil in hand, consequently a noviciate in the art, and the drawing being hastily executed to oblige a friend who has adopted your mode of seeking approbation, you'll make every allowance if it should not prove a striking likeness; at least of this I'm confident, you, who so often have given us etchings of others, cannot be displeased at being caricatured yourself.--The touches that point out your former situation, you doubtless will be sensible, is meant to convey a compliment, as it sufficiently evinces you have "two strings to your bow."

Wishing you every success; and that the merit you possess may continue unimpaired for ages after this trifle is forgotten,

I remain, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

The AUTHOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Haymarket.

Sir Brimmer Bountiful,	-	Mr. Moss.
Dermot O'Dogherty,	-	Mr. R. Palmer.
Ensign Frederick,	- -	Mr. Iliff.
Waiter,	- - -	Mr. Abbott.
And, Tim Thimble, (the Imitator)		Mr. Rees.
Betty,	- -	Miss Francis.
And, Sophia Bountiful,	-	Mrs. Taylor.

THIMBLE'S FLIGHT, &c.

SCENE, a CHAMBER.

Sir BRIMMER BOUNTIFUL, *discovered on a Sopha, as just waking.* Miss SOPHIA at Breakfast.

Sir BRIMMER, (*yawning*)

HEIGH, ho! Sophy!

Sophy. Well, uncle.

Sir Brim. (*yawning.*) Heigh, ho!--I'm a little *queerish* this morning.

Sophia. And well you may, for you were *comical* enough last night.

Sir Brim. Did I mention to you my intention of *settling* you speedily?

Sophia. No, uncle, you were incapable of mentioning any thing, you were so *unsettled* yourself; but your *nap*, I fancy, has *compos'd* you a little.

Sir Brim. How long have I slept?

Sophia. Your wonted time, Sir, about eight or nine hours--you came from London in your usual trim--your head as heavy as lead, and your pockets as light as a feather.

B

Sir

Sir *Brim*. 'Twas good fare and brilliant company detain'd me, wench; we were damn'd jolly--your name was often given--bumper was the word, I swallow'd my glass, finish'd my business, and return'd without loss of time.

Sophia. Yes, uncle, but with the loss of your senses--I dare say your company was so *brilliant*, they paid attention to the only *shining* property you had about you, your *money*; ah, uncle! I know *your* good-natur'd way--when Bacchus trips up your heels, generosity opens your purse-strings, and your fortune flies about the room for the benefit of those who can only boast their being *relatives* to the sons of conviviality.

Sir *Brim*. So much the better--when so many *souls* have a chance of catching it, 'tis odds but some worthy *body* may be of the number--besides it's what I call being *truly* generous, for damme! if one hand knows what the other does--but come lass, I have not forgot you in my journey, if I've thrown away a few guineas, I've procur'd you a better thing.--

Sophia. What is it?

Sir *Brim*. A husband--

Sophia. On whom you'd wish me to throw away *myself*--but come tell me--who is he?--what is he?--a beautiful, handsome, rich, well-made, good-temper'd, agreeable, young fellow?

Sir

Sir Brim. Rich! why zounds, he rolls in guineas, and papers his room with bank notes.

Sophia. Indeed!--that's charming--and his figure--

Sir Brim. Why, he's a *male* creature they tell me--not one of your modern foplings, so bepainted and bepowder'd you don't know what gender to construe them of--a jolly dog--one of us--

Sophia. Indeed! then he must reform, or I shall lead him such a dance--

Sir Brim. No, no, his dancing days are over--he's touch'd with the gout, or the rheumatism, or he would have been at our club last night.

Sophia. Ecod, I think tormenting a husband must be the most pleasant thing in life--and when I marry it shall be for no other purpose.

Sir Brim. Indeed! then he'll have a deadly unpleasant time of it--

Sophia. When I marry an *old* man, I mean--I'm pleas'd with the idea--dear, dear, how charming it will be--here John, run to the French friseur, and tell him to come instantly, for I see company to day--Betty, fly to Mrs. Tawdry, and desire her to finish my fancy dress for the evening--bid Robin send cards to half St. James's--let Mr. Mince make out the best bill of fare he possibly can, and Rhenish send in an assortment of his best wines--my frames and confectionary come

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from Birch's, that certain--then the delightful bustle at night--I, perhaps, after having lost, or won a cool hundred or so, rise from piquet with the air and grace of a young duchess in a birth-day suit--tap some pretty fellow's cheek with my fan--dart into the ball room--glide through the dance--bounce into supper--seat myself at the head of the table--ogle my guests--sip my champagne, and enliven the whole conversation with the brilliancy of my wit--while my poor, old hubby, hobbles to his chair--picks the wing of a partridge, and bites his lip till the blood comes, ready to expire with jealousy, anger, and vexation--ha! ha! ha! this will be charming--

Sir Brim. Stop, stop, stop, stop--phew!--where the deuce, are you galloping too?--I don't know your intended is so *old* either---let me tell you how the affair happened, Jack Rattle, myself, and a few more were cracking a round dozen--Jack, more sober than usual, hinted a friend of his had thoughts of advertising for a wife, and knowing, Sophy, you were unprovided--

Sophia. (aside) Ah, uncle, that's more than your sagacity can be certain of--

Sir Brim. And my fortune being a little out at elbows, I made enquiries into his connections, and all that-----found it would do, and commission'd Rattle to settle the affair, could not leave my bottle you know myself, for "the king" was our toast, and
damme!

damme! I'd give it as long as my hand could carry the liquor to my lips, or I'd a glass to drink it in.

Sophia. Well, Sir, proceed--

Sir Brim. On Jack's return, I must confess I could not comprehend rightly what your swain said, only, that he'd pay you a visit, and if you met with his approbation, the bargain should be struck without dry lips--

Sophia. So then it was a blind bargain, uncle? you have not seen him?

Sir Brim. No, only heard his character from Jack, for as I observ'd he was confin'd by the gout, or some confounded pedestrian complaint which prevented our meeting--but however, I expect him here to day, gout and all--

Sophia. And what is his name, uncle?

Sir Brim. His name?--Zounds, I forget his name--but he'll be here to tell you that, by and by, himself---- desire John to get me a double doctor with a little nutmeg, and I'll send a note to the Antelope for him directly, and desire them to have a chaise ready for any stranger that should enquire for me, to wheel him across the green in a crack--come wench, get yourself ready to receive him--Zounds! I shall be happy to have you well settled--In my jolly unthinking moments I may injure my own fortune perhaps, but it shall be always my study to assist the friendless and unfortunate. [*Exit.*]

Sophia.

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Sophia. Ah! poor uncle! all your trouble is needless -- no, no, my heart's too much engag'd to pay attention to a suitor of your providing -- I'm afraid Cupid will equally blind *my* senses as Bacchus too frequently does *thine* -- Oh! Frederick! Frederick! you promis'd to take the advantage of Sir Brimmer's absence and pay me a visit -- but I fear you have forgot me -- yet how oft have I listen'd with pleasure to his vows of constancy.

A I R. *Set to Music by Mr. Reeve.*

Sweet May had appear'd, and the day was just dawning;
And clad in rich garments the daisy fring'd mead;
The lark's early warbles evinc'd it was morning,
And each laughing villager tun'd up his reed;
When brushing the dew-drops that glisten'd before me,
My swain and myself to the woodland's did hie;
Where, he fondly swore "how he'd love and adore me,"
And, oh! how he kiss'd me when no one was nigh.

His tales, fraught with love, were from Sol's early peering
O'er yon hill's tow'ring top, 'till eve mantled the globe;
So fervent his vows, like Apollo appearing,
Truth dwelt on his tongue, and he wore wisdom's robe:
My heart to the force of his pleading assented,
And drank draughts of love from his charming bright
eye,

Then to wed (when our fate should permit) I consented,
And, oh! how he kiss'd me when no one was nigh.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE, *a Room in the ANTELOPE.*

*Enter DERMOT O'DOGHERTY, with
a Portmanteau.*

DERMOT, (*throwing down the Portmanteau*)
By my soul, this riding on the roof of the
coach

coach is not the thing at all, at all -- they so jolted me over the stones, that I was afraid my limbs would have left their places ; and I should have found my arms dangling from my knees, and my legs kicking up a racket from my shoulders.

Enter TIM THIMBLE.

Thimble. Well, Dermot, here we are at last -- and now we must sound the landlord concerning a room.

Dermot. Faith ! I shall never get the sound of the carriage out of my napper, though to be sure I'd room enough, for I'd the whole roof to myself -- Och ! my jewel, but you and I are two clever fellows -- we divide every thing so snug between us -- I touch all the fatigue, and you pocket all the profit --

Thimble. No, no, Dermot -- I have my share of fatigue, and my lungs --

Dermot. Why to be sure, you have a sweet voice and all that -- and can bring your tongue about the pronouncification of any character in the world -- Och ! it does my heart good to see how sweetly you bother the people -- your imitations are so real -- they are so like a joke in earnest --

Thimble. There appears to be a great deal of company in town, a number of good families round, and I don't doubt but we shall get something to do.

Dermot. Or else we shall have no business here -- we endeavour you know to make an honest livelihood by picking people's pockets--

Thimble.

Thimble. No, no; -- not so bad as that neither -- 'tis but giving a country exhibition of our town favourites --

Dermot. Ay, by my faith! it's shewing public characters in private, before crouded audiences.

Thimble. Well, no matter -- I have been liberally paid for my job -- my talents no doubt are sharp -- my colouring warm -- and, I with pleasure recollect the moment I quitted my former profession.

Dermot. Former profession!

Thimble. Yes, I once had the mortification to *suit* those who *suted* me ill, the sharpness of my talents lay in a *Whitechapel* needle -- my warmth of colouring in the *heat* of my *goose*, and all the wit I was master of lay at my *fingers' ends*.

Dermot. Arrah! what the dibble were you a taylor?

Thimble. Yes, faith! I was, pinn'd to my shopboard, and *troubled* with *stitches*, 'till I stept from my *bell* to the stage --

Dermot. To be sure that was the *devil* of a step --

Thimble. Ay, -- I then turn'd Imitator -- though I must confess in my former profession I was a *mimic* by proxy, and never lost a bill for want of a bailiff to *take off* my cutomers.

Dermot. What you gave 'em a little *serious play* for their money?

Thimble. Yes, many's the time this unfortunate leg has beat a tiresome tattoo to St. James's,

James's for a *trifle*, long due, when to make *short* of the matter, I return'd unpaid, with an answer that "my Lord had no time to mind trifles."-- [*Mimicks Mr. LEWIS.*]

Dermot. But now Sir.--

Thimble. Ay now the scene is chang'd, my *timber* toe transformed to *cork* makes *light* of the labour of carrying me--my bills are scarce presented but they're answered on demand, and I've always plenty of the right sort of customers.

Dermot. By my soul, but you have.

Thimble. My *cloth*'s now cut in a different style, I *work up* my materials on new boards, *twist* myself into various forms, *cabbage* all the oral singularities of my friends, my *thread* of mimicry is finely drawn, and all the world reckons me a *keen* dog.--but to business--I've obtained a recommendation to one Sir Brimmer Bountiful--am told he's the thing--if we can procure his patronage I'll advertize my performance, and we're certain of success.-- Here, waiter!

Enter WAITER.

Thimble. Is not there a gentleman of the name of Bountiful--

Waiter. Bountiful! odso, fir--I believe here's a note for *you* fir, and the chaise has been waiting this half hour--beg pardon--I'll just step into the bar and fetch it-- [*Exit hastily.*]

Thimble. A note for me!--oh, my fame I see is come here before me--ah! we shall do
Dermot.

C

Dermot.

Dermot. Do! how the devil can it be otherwise? such a footman as myself will always do *service* to his master, and tho' I have not yet been visible--I know Dermot O'Dogherty's figure will be a passport to his master's fortune.

Re-enter WAITER.

Waiter. Here, sir, I fancy this must be for you, Sir Brimmer mention'd he was rather queer about his pinns--[*aside*].--he forgot your name, or he would not have troubled you with it--

Thimble. Oh, very well--let's see--(*reads*) "Sir, from the recommendation of my friend, I shall be happy to see you immediately act up to the character he has given, and command my interest with my niece"--Oh, I suppose she leads the fashion here, and can get me an audience when she pleases--(*reads*) "I pant for a specimen of your persuasive abilities, and doubt not but you'll make a convert of the lady--approbation will follow on both sides, and you may look upon yourself as one of the family."--Upon my soul but that is very kind of him.--

Dermot. Very obliging indeed, and I dare say he'll take me into his family concerns too.

Thimble. (*reads*) "your advertisement will then be unnecessary."--what a good-natur'd creature it is--(*reads*) "If I should not be in the way on your arrival, pay what attention to my niece you think proper."--Umph!--there's for you Dermot. -- Oh! I'll presently
be

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be with her--come Dermot. [*Imitating the late Mr. HENDERSON.*]

"Hark! the glad trumpet sounds to horse, away,

"My soul's in arms and eager for the fray."
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *an Apartment in Sir Brimmer's.*

In the middle of the back scene, a door leading to another apartment.

Enter Ensign FREDERICK and SOPHIA.

Ensign. Nay, my dear girl, my delay was unavoidable, and to convince you I'll no longer be tardy, let us fly to the altar of Hymen immediately and have the chains of matrimony rivetted by the Caledonian blacksmith.

Sophia. Not so fast Frederick, I must be link'd to another mate my uncle says, and I'm impatiently waiting his arrival.--

Fred. Is it possible?

Sophia. Yes, and probable too; --- one whose acres must make him agreeable, and whose merit consists in his money--but come don't be under any apprehensions:--I expect him every minute, and am determin'd to give him such a reception that he shall be happy to make a precipitate retreat.--

Fred. That's my sweet girl--but how do you mean to proceed?

Sophia. Why my uncle informs me he means to make a visit here to day, that he may have an opportunity of ogling me a little--

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but to prevent my gentleman's having too great a partiality for an undeserving object, I mean to assume the behaviour of a downright simpleton;--which by the bye, I don't think will be out of character, as I'm sure it's simple enough to be in love with such a thing as you are.--Well Betty--

Enter BETTY.

Betty. Oh, ma'am! here he comes, the post-chaise is rolling over the green as hard as they can drive.--What shall we do with the captain?

Ensign. Zounds! hide me any where--oh! my dear Sophia!--

Sophia. Pooh! fig's end,--no whining now, step into the other room (*pointing to the stage door*) and see what an actress I shall make.

Betty. La! ma'am, your uncle's there, looking over his papers.

Sophia. Then step into my bedchamber, there, that door leads to it--and, Betty, that he mayn't be discovered, can't you disguise him in one of your gowns, that if my uncle should chance to pop on us unawares you know I can but say he is a female relation of yours.--

Betty. True ma'am, come captain let's make a lady's gentleman of you--get you into a fashionable habit, for our beaus are all laddie-like now-a-days.

Ensign. Then it's a damn'd bad habit, and I sha'n't care how soon I get out of it again.

[*Exeunt Ensign and Betty into the door in the back of the scene*]

Sophia.

Sophia. Now for it then:--well, I never had such a desire to be thought *dis-agreeable* in my life:--oh! here my swain comes--umph! a middle-aged decent looking little man.--

Thimble (without.) Dermot, you may step into the kitchen while I--(*enters*) Oh! I suppose Sir Brimmer is out.--Ma'am I've the honour to be your most obsequious and very humble servant.--

Sophia (assuming simplicity.) I'm very much obliged to your honour, sir.

Thimble. I presume ma'am you have the happiness to call the owner of this mansion uncle.--

Sophia. Sir!

Thimble. You are niece to Sir Brimmer Bountiful I presume.--

Sophia. Yes, people calls I his kinswoman.

Thimble. Ma'am -- I -- I am prompted ma'am by my desire to entertain you, and your uncle's recommendation--thus to pay my respects to you.--

Sophia. You are very kind and obliging indeed, sir.

Thimble. Shall be happy to know what line I shall attempt to gain your favour in;--would you have me "a *Scrub*," or shall I give you one of our best "*Leers*"--

Sophia. Leers!--Scrub! no sir, I'm not such a scrub as you think for, and I'm sure I wants nobody to *leer* at me.

Thimble. Or suppose ma'am I rest my success upon "a *Banister*."--

Sophia

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Sophia. No fir, if you please you may rest yourself on a chair.

Thimble. Or the *Popes*.

Sophia. Lord fir! what do you know the Pope!

Thimble. Yes ma'am, and you shall have him if you like;--I'll give him to you in the stitching of a button hole.

Sophia (*stifling a laugh*) Lord fir!--he's surely been tipling this morning.-- [*aside*.

Thimble. You may smile ma'am, but I don't doubt you'll admire me--my talents.--

Sophia (*aside*.) Are absent I fancy, for they seem to be monstrously out of the way.

Thimble. Or what think you of *Parsons*?

Sophia. No--we don't want parsons yet.-- This is the most laconic lover I ever met with.

[*aside*.

Thimble. Or little *Quick*--

Sophia. A little quick!--no you're not a little quick--you are the hastiest man I ever saw in my life--talking of parsons already.--I don't know what to make of this fellow! [*aside*.

Thimble. Perhaps you'd wish me to be serious;--what say you then to *Henderson*--

Sophia. I don't know never a Mr. Anderson, fir, he don't live in our town.

Thimble. How the devil should he ma'am! why he's made his exit--

Sophia. Exit!

Thimble

Thimble (in imitation of the late Mr. HENDERSON.)

"Alas! poor Yorick!

"I knew him well, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most exquisite fancy, he hath borne me on his back a thousand and a thousand times; here hung the lips I have kiss'd
"I know not how oft:--now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this complexion must she come at last."

Sophia. What complexion, sir? -- this is the most comical love-scene I was ever witness to--
[*aside.*]

Enter Sir BRIMMER.

Sir Brim. Ay, there he is -- damme! it must have been the rheumatism, and not the gout -- why he chatters and hops about like a tame magpye--

Thimble (to Sir Brimmer) [*imitating Mr. Wroughton.*]

"Father what news! what sorrow craves acquaintance of my hand, that I yet know not?"

Sir Brim. Sorrow, my lad! no, we'll have nothing but joy here -- well how do you come on?

Thimble. Oh! please so well, sir, that I don't doubt sir, but in time I shall ravish the lady--

Sir Brim. The devil you will!

Thimble. Yes, she seems quite struck with me,

me, and I'm just going to give her a love scene--

Sophia. A love scene! why I thought you'd been giving me one already.

Thimble. Oh lord! no ma'am -- she's precious stupid. [*aside. as Mr. POPE.*]

" Oh were those eyes in Heaven, they'd thro'
 " the starry regions stream so bright, that birds
 " would sing and think it were the morn--see
 " how she leans her cheek upon her hand, oh!
 " that I were a glove upon that hand, that I
 " might touch that cheek!

Sir Brim. Very well indeed, fir; ay, this is something like--

Thimble. Something like fir! why it is very like--I'm so certain of my tongue fir, that I don't doubt but in half an hour's conversation, I shall be able to take that lady off--

Sir Brim. Indeed!

Thimble. Why yes fir, I've so good an ear that nothing could prevent me, tho' it would be more in the way of the *Wells* I must confess--

Sir Brim. The *Wells*! ay damme, there are more young girls carried off from those places than--

Thimble. I mean her imitations.

Sir Brim. Ay, to be sure, I don't doubt but she'll imitate the rest of her sex.

Sophia. (*half aside*) Oh dear! oh dear! I'm quite tir'd of this nonsense!

Thimble.

Thimble. (as Bensley)

"It wearies me; you say it wearies you:
 "But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
 "What stuff 'tis made of, whereof 'tis born,
 "I am to learn—
 "And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
 "That I have much ado to know myself."—

Sophia. (aside.) I don't wonder at that.

Thimble. (as KEMBLE.)

"If I were now to die, 'twere now to be
 most happy;
 "For I fear, my soul hath her content so absolute,
 "That not another comfort like to this,
 "Remains in unknown fate!"

Sir Brim. Ay, ay, this will be a match, he seems quite in raptures with her—but how sharp set the rascal is—

Thimble. (as REEVE.) (sings)

"Knives to grind my good matters,
 "Sweet mistresses scissars to grind."

Dermot. (without, tipsy.) Hallo!—old boy—old buckram!—where are you?—I've got a little whiskey in my napper, and am now determined not to wear a motley colour'd plain coat of a livery any longer.

Sir Brim. Eh! what's that?

Thimble. Oh! nothing, sir! (imitating EDWIN) "The lanthorn you carry in your
 "poop frighten'd them out of their wits—
 "they took you one time for a ghost; then
 "for a hobgoblin; then for a Will o' th' wisp;
 "and at last for the very devil himself."

D

Sir Brim.

Sir *Brim*. Lord a mercy upon us! why *you* must be the very devil himself, and have got a legion of young imps on the tip of your tongue, I think.

Thimble. Ha! ha! ha! an't I quite at home?

Sir *Brim*. Oh! damme! I wish you were at home, or any where out of this house — (*aside*) I'm afraid sir, you won't do for my niece, you'd better return to your original intention of advertising —

Thimble. Lord, sir!—Ma'am, only hear me—(*gets between Sir BRIMMER and SOPHIA, and seems talking to them in dumb shew.*)

Enter DERMOT.

Dermot I'll have four thirds; and that's an equal share of your takings, by St Patrick—(*seeing Sir BRIMMER*) mum! I must not spoil sport now, or I shall be a loser in what I gain: he seems in the very act of botheration, so I'll keep close at a distance 'till all's over—oh! I can pop my canister into this room mayhap, and lie snug 'till he's made an end of finishing—
[*Exit into the room.*]

Thimble. (*imitating QUICK*) (*sings*)

“ When I courted a lass that was froward
and shy,

“ Oh! I stuck to her stuff till I made her
comply;

“ I took her so lovingly round the waist,

“ I kiss'd her sweet lips, and I held her fast;

“ When hugg'd and hawl'd, she squeak'd and
squall'd,

“ And

" And tho' she vow'd all I did was in vain,
 " Yet I pleas'd her so well, that she bore it
 again ;

" Then hoity toity, whisking, frisking,
 " Green was her gown upon the grass,
 " Oh, these were the joys of our *dancing days* !"

Sir *Brim*. Why what the dickens! this fellow must be either making game of me, or out of his senses—I'll tell you what, sir, I think you'd better be a little serious, or you may as well *dance* off—

Thimble. Sir !—

Sophia. My uncle desires you for to dance off—

Thimble. Oh ! ma'am, my leg won't permit me to do that, but if you'll favour me with a plate at dinner, I'll endeavour to cut capers—ha ! ha ! ha !

Sir *Brim*. Zounds ! how free the fellow makes himself—

Thimble. Why you know sir, you said you should look upon me as one of the family—

Sir *Brimmer*. Well, sir, you are welcome to take a bit of dinner, but—

Thimble. (*imitating MACKLIN.*)

" Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation,
 " which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into ! I will buy with you,
 " sell with you, talk with you, walk with you,
 " and so following ; but I will not eat with
 " you, drink with you, nor pray with you."
 (*a scream is heard from the bedchamber*) lord
 ha' mercy upon us !

D2

Sir *Brim*.

Sir *Brim*. Heavens preserve us! what's that?

Enter DERMOT, *lugging in* ENSIGN *in a woman's dress*, BETTY *endeavouring to prevent him*, Sir BRIMMER, &c. *appear in the utmost surprise.*

Dermot. Come along my angel!--why do you squall so? -- I'm a little confused about the scaffoldings of my antichamber (*pointing to his head*) here--but no matter--you never knew an Irish boy that was not loving when he'd got a little sup.

Sir *Brim*. And pray how the devil have you got here?--Zounds! I can't believe my own senses--I'm in a dream--

Dermot. Yes, I'm in a dream, and shall go to sleep presently--beg pardon, sir--but my sweet creature--my jewel--my darling.

Ensign. Damnation! sir, desist this instant, or I'll--

Sir *Brim*. Hell and furies! how the vixen swears!--who are you ma'am? what's your business here?

Ensign. Me, sir!--I am a lady, sir, that--

Sophia. Yes uncle, he is a lady, that -- she is a gentleman uncle--a lady that's a--a young woman--a relation of Betty's--

Sir *Brim*. A lady and a gentleman--a relation of Betty's--and what the devil brings 'em here?

Betty.

Betty. Yes sir, this gentleman is--he's a young woman of my acquaintance, and so sir, she came, and I was forced--

Sir Brim. No faith, it seems as if *she* was forc'd, that staggering Irishman there--

Betty. Yes sir, burst into our room, and would have ruined her--

Sir Brim. Ruined! come come, you troop about your business, and I'll examine madam a little. [Exit Betty.]

Sir Brim. Pray Mr. my lady, in the name of all that's masculine, who the devil are you?

Sophia. Come uncle, don't be angry, and I'll tell you--he's the son of an old acquaintance of your's, Captain Frederick--he has been long an humble admirer of mine, but fearing his lack of fortune would prevent your agreeing to our wishes, our intercourse has been obliged to be kept secret--

Dermot. Yes, I've kept the secret a long time, and may I never touch another tirlteen if he shall hum the public any longer.

Thimble. (as EDWIN) "Quit the presence, Dermot!--this is the most impudent canus in our domus.--"

Sir Brim. Zounds! what shall I do with these two fellows?--I tell you what my lad, (*to Ensign*) divest yourself of your feminine attire and I'll talk to you--as for *you*, sir, I am afraid my friend has been too lavish in your praises; therefore for the present we'll postpone the match--

Thimble. The match!

Sir Brim.

22 THIMBLE'S FLIGHT, &c.

Sir Brim. Yes, in spite of your love-scenes and your ravishments, my niece does not seem inclined that you should take her off at present.

Thimble. Well fir, if you'll pay me for my trouble--

Sir Brim. Pay you!

Thimble. Yes fir, I never cut out a pattern of my performance but I expect to make something by the job.

Ensign. Why lord, Sir Bountiful don't you know this fellow: I hope he has not imposed on you so much as to be permitted to pay his addressee to your niece--

Sir Brim. Upon my soul but he has tho'

Thimble. Me! no such thing fir--'twas but in the way of business.

Sir Brim. But who is he? zounds! I'm still in the dark.

Ensign. Why are you unacquainted with him fir, this is Mr. TIMOTHY THIMBLE, formerly a dealer in staytape and buckram--

Thimble. (*imitating* Mr. EDWIN) "Damn the staytape and damn the buckram--pooh! pooh! psheew! psheew! 'twas a vile drudgery --very low, extremely vulgar--I had much rather it should not be mention'd."--

Ensign. And now as you see a profest mimic.

Sir Brim. The devil! 'fdeath fir, how could you have the impudence--

Enter

Enter BETTY.

Betty. Sir, here's another lame gentleman with Mr. RATTLE, enquiring for you and Miss--

Sir Brim. Then it won't be amiss if we hobble out of their way.--Frederick, I shall be happy at a future period to see you here; but no private meetings, Sophia.

Sophia. No, sir, I hope your consent to our union will make our next meeting in a public cathedral.

Thimble. And if it should sir, I would not begrudge taking measure for the wedding suit, and for your entertainment, mimic old amen and take off the vicar.

Sir Brim. No, sir, take yourself off if you please; or, if you must be an imitator, follow the example I mean to adopt:--endeavour to imitate the praise-worthy actions of the *benevolent* and the *virtuous*.

Thimble. With all my heart; but in general, my imitations have been of *worthy* characters, and as my *flight* has been a harmless one, I humbly hope that crusty criticism will not clip my pinions.

For on the real, as the mimic stage,
How oft' is imitation all the rage,
The actions of our betters fondly seizing,
We those adopt that to ourselves seem pleasing,

Mimic

24 THIMBLE'S FLIGHT, &c.

Mimic the graces, or in mode absurd
Ape all the glaring foibles of my lord ;
But be such traits in water-colours shewn,
And if in honour's tints you'd deal alone,
Copy those *virtues* that *adorn a throne.* }



F I N I S.

